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## ARIZONA MINER.

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Probate Judge, HERMAN BECKER.  
District Attorney, JOHN H. MARION.  
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If you wish to purchase  
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than the same can be bought for anywhere else  
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At OTTO'S New Shaving and Hair Cutting Saloon,  
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style.  
THEODORE OTTO.

## Letter from San Francisco.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF ARIZONA MINER.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3, 1868.

DEAR MINER:—I think I see you treading your way from your office down to Doc. Moeller's, through the snow. Your manly form looks a little pinched by the frost, and your jovial countenance bears evidence that you are after a "nip." Well, it will do you good, and afterward, what say you to a walk up Montgomery street, just to see what's going on? Good! Well, come along. Here we are—corner Montgomery and Washington—Bank Exchange, you know. Eh? Well, I don't care if I do; I seldom take anything, but whenever I do, it's about this time in the evening. Nice place, that Bank Exchange, isn't it? One of the old stand-bys. Out there, on the opposite corner, you see the apple-vendors driving their little trade. The Metropolitan, you perceive, is lit up, but we won't go there—poor acting. Below the corner here, on Washington, you see the *Examiner* bulletin board; but there's nothing startling displayed on it. Lots of these people are directing their steps to Maguire's Opera House. "After Dark" is a good piece, and continues to attract crowds—Wheatleigh is as good as ever, and Emily Melville is pathetic and pretty; but we haven't time to go to see them to night. Let's go along Montgomery. Don't you remember that young fellow across the street? Of course you do. That's am Henesley. He's in the street-car advertising business now; hope he'll make a fortune. There goes Emperor Norton, rusty as ever. That crowd in front of Parker's is gathered about St. Stone; he's talking bet on some point or other. Here we are at the *Bulletin* office; but everything is quiet; since the Supreme Court decided in favor of D. B. Hoffman as Elector, there's been no thrilling announcement to stick up in big letters on the window. This little, dirty street is Merchant—a place of law and good restaurants. What a fine new market, just finished, and running through to Clay. Look up the other way, and you catch a glimpse of the Plaza. It looks much better than of yore, doesn't it? Now, we have reached Clay street. As you go down, you see many houses being repaired or rebuilt. What's the matter with them? Earthquake, of course. See this little den down below the pavement? Here ye hungry printer, after he has finished his night's work on the *Chronicle* and on the *Times*, comes to get his sandwich and his beer. That dignified, if rusty, old chap leaning against the corner, is, perhaps, the veritable "bar-room statesman" of the *Chronicle*. Here goes Mayor Frank McConlin. There goes Dave Henderson, with his eyes on the ground, as if he were studying out the great question of the national finances; we won't disturb him. Where's Cook? Don't know; hid away somewhere; most likely, we'll find him diving around, in and out, among the Odd Fellow lodges. Sacramento street. The old crowd around the What Ciner House, down there. Up above here is Judge Johnson's office—History of Arizona, you know. This book is about to be published by Lewis P. Ward & Co., that's me, the "Co."—and will be very handsomely printed, and will succeed. I'll send you a copy of the first number, in about two weeks. We pass Barry & Patten's, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, and reach California street. We are near the *Alta* and *Times* offices. We near the splendid Merchant's Exchange; also, all the other magnificent buildings that have been put up on this street—banks, insurance offices, and all that sort of thing. That man we passed is just out of the post house—awfully pitted, ain't he? We'll meet lots of them. There's W. C. Reed, over in the corner. You know him. He's been working politics lately. Here's the Anatomical Museum; a fine collection; you must go in some time. Here goes Colonel Tyson; looks fine, don't he? He's going to White Pine, shortly. And so we go along to Market, seeing the hotels, noting the progress of Masonic Hall, and seeing the fashions, and the handsome display in the jewelry shop windows, and pianchette, and what not? Hillo! what's this? The Grecian bend, by Jove! and a genuine case, too; no half-way business about that panier. Gay, isn't it? Well, I'm getting tired. Some day, when we have time, maybe you'd like to go around and see the damages caused by the earthquake, and the new dry dock, and the Mission, and the hundred other points of interest.

R.  
Once Sam Lathrop, the clown in Forepaugh's circus, has got the bond question reduced to a science. He says the people have got to get up at 5.20 and work till 10.40 in order that the bondholders may be in bed until 10.40 and retire at 7.30. The meaning of 5.20 is, that it takes the labor of twenty men to support five bondholders in idleness. The laboring man gets 85 of his earnings and pays \$20 to the bondholder.

## Beautiful and Affectionate Love Letter.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF ARIZONA MINER.]

The following beautiful letter (says an exchange), is said to surpass in eloquence and pathos anything of the kind ever written. It was addressed to a young man in Dyerburg: Dyerburg, Aug. 3, '68.

My own dear Frank:—Every time I think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through tow-linen trousers. As a goblin swimmer in delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blinking brush, and brighter than the hues on a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue bottle-fly. When I first beheld your saintly perfection I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler; my eyes stood open like collar Goors in a country town; and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drank in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swallows a tumbler of hot whisky punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my shoe straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her sifflon couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tune in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chattering shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig arises from his bed and goeth forth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels its drowsing flight at sultry noon; and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee; and, like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, painted with gold, and the brown slide of your immediate neck-tie fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me full in the womanly breast it perforated my entire anatomy like a load of bird-shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckers with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your rosy lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like blue birds out of their parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ear like the wind harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like boulders in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to your presence, and to pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thirsty housewife pours out coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the juncing of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel cold lizards of despair crawling down my back; uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, sizzling at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skipper. My love is stronger for you than the smell of old butter, sweeter case, or the kick of a mule. It is purer than the breath of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As the song-bird hangers for the light of day, the cautious little mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fixed in sorghum molasses, and brighter than the topknot plumage of a Muscovy duck. You are candy-kisses, raisins, pound-cake, and sweetened toddy, altogether. If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will feel terrible bad, and I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch. And in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a clod upon the last resting place of ELLA.

THE CODE NAPOLEON.—When Napoleon the I. was forming the Code Napoleon, he astonished the Council of State by the readiness with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages extemporaneously from the Roman civil law; a subject of thought entirely foreign to him, as his whole life had been passed in the camp. On being asked by Treillard how he had acquired so familiar a knowledge of law, he replied: "When I was a lieutenant, I was once unjustly put under arrest. The small room assigned for my prison contained no furniture but an old chair and cupboard; in the latter there was a ponderous volume which proved to be a digest of the Roman law. As I had neither paper, pens, ink nor pencil, you may easily imagine this book to have been a valuable prize to me. It was so bulky, and the leaves were so covered by marginal notes in manuscript, that had I been confined a hundred years, I need never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty; but on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian and the decision of the Roman legislators. It was thus I acquired my knowledge of the civil law."

When men break their hearts, remarked a cynical writer, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.

## Southern Pacific Railroad.

The San Francisco *Alta*, of the 5th inst., gives its views on this subject, as follows:

"An association entitled the San Diego and Gila Southern Pacific Railroad Company, incorporated about fourteen years ago at San Diego, and still in existence, is working by lobbyists at Washington to secure a subsidy for itself and to prevent the granting of a subsidy to any other Company, partly because the granting of assistance to a near and parallel road would interfere with its chances of success in lobbying, and the building of another road would perhaps entirely prevent the construction of its own. Gen. Rosser has interested himself in the San Diego scheme, and is using his influence with members of Congress in favor of a road to run south of the Gila and terminate at San Diego, but in regard to the course which it is to follow east of the Rio Grande, it seems that neither he nor the Company have come to any fixed opinion. In a letter addressed to a gentleman in San Diego, he writes as if the Representatives of Arkansas, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri and Kansas would work together for the Gila line, but they would want at least three branches east of the Rio Grande, terminating at Galveston, Memphis and St. Louis. Missouri and Kansas, of course, have considerable interest connected with the middle transcontinental route, but both would be glad to have a road opened to cross the Rocky Mountains as far south as 35°.

The citizens of San Diego have their local interests to subserve, and of course are right in attempting to build a road south of the Gila, with its terminus at their town. San Francisco, on the other hand, would prefer that the first Southern Pacific Railroad should be built about latitude 35°, crossing the Colorado near the southern point of Arizona, and running through the Tulare Valley or along the coast of California. The Gila road would pass through very little fertile land in California; the thirty-fifth parallel road would run for at least four hundred miles through fertile districts, which would thus be brought near to market and enriched. It is the desire of the San Franciscans to have all that is possible done to develop the resources of the State, and that motive will have more weight with the general public of California than any other. Some persons fancy that San Francisco believes that if San Diego should be the terminus of a transcontinental railroad, she would be a dangerous rival; but we have yet to find the person here who entertains that view, or that has the least apprehension on that score.

The main question, however, is not which road would do us the most good, but which one can we get soonest and at the least expense. It should be the policy of the Southern Pacific Railroad men, who are working for the general progress of the country and not for that of some little spot, to consult carefully among themselves and find out what project is the strongest, so that they may combine on that. Whatever they agree upon, will, we doubt not, be accepted here as satisfactory. The completion of a Southern Pacific Road, or the grant of sufficient assistance to secure its completion, is a want of the coast; and quarrelling among the different routes and the delay of action on any is one of the chief dangers to be feared.

We are inclined to believe on general principles that the route about the thirty-fifth parallel would have more friends in Congress than that on the thirty-second. A glance at the map shows that the former is the shortest route of communication between the main centres of population in the Mississippi Valley and on the Pacific Coast. St. Louis and Memphis would prefer to cross the Rio Grande at Albuquerque, and New Orleans and Galveston could connect with a road there almost as conveniently as with one at El Paso. The influence of St. Louis, which has already run a railroad out a long distance to the southwest, will be especially powerful. Unfortunately no Southern line can combine the trade of large and flourishing communities in the interior of the continent like those of Colorado, Utah, Nevada and Idaho, the trade of which has materially aided the Central and Union Pacific Companies to build their roads and sell their bonds.

MANURE FOR POTATOES.—I will give you a receipt for raising potatoes, that is worth the price of your paper for one year, to any farmer that is short of manure. It is as good as the best superphosphate of lime, and it will not cost half so much. I have tried it two years, and I am satisfied it is good on dry land. Take one cask of lime and slack it with water, and then stir in one bushel of fine salt, and then mix in loam enough so that it will not become mortar; it will make about five barrels. Put in a half pint in a hill at planting.—*Ploughman*.

WATER PURIFIES AIR.—Set a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature a pail of water will contain a pint of carbonic gas, and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in a room for a while is always unfit for use. For the same reason the water from a pump should always be pumped out in the morning, before any of it is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

He that makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education has a far better title to his obedience and duty than he that gives to him a large estate without it.—*Secreta*.

## Official Vote of California.

As a matter of future reference, we give the official vote of the State of California by counties for President:

FOR PRESIDENT.		
Counties.	Rep.	Dem.
San Diego	128	235
Los Angeles	748	1,236
San Bernardino	263	378
Santa Barbara	428	391
San Luis Obispo	371	346
Tulare	338	679
Monterey	589	663
Fresno	72	381
Mariposa	98	272
Nevada	456	464
San Joaquin	359	612
Santa Clara	2,307	2,328
Santa Cruz	1,153	737
San Mateo	628	417
San Francisco	12,185	13,586
Inyo	113	100
Kern	208	432
Contra Costa	1,092	738
Alameda	1,861	1,262
San Joaquin	2,191	1,867
Tuolumne	994	1,115
Mono	148	89
Calaveras	1,143	1,050
Amador	1,109	1,223
El Dorado	1,676	1,683
Sacramento	3,192	2,368
Placer	1,588	1,233
Nevada	3,013	2,445
Alpine	154	67
Marin	529	434
Sonoma	1,729	2,402
Napa	732	684
Lake	248	454
Solano	1,541	1,441
Yolo	995	1,060
Sutter	581	561
Yuba	1,331	1,112
Sierra	1,328	794
Butte	1,279	1,245
Shasta	629	639
Plumas	719	555
Tehama	351	398
Colusa	379	639
Mendocino	629	1,002
Humboldt	768	596
Trinity	595	391
Glenn	638	456
Siskiyou	835	913
Klamath	197	187
Del Norte	142	173
Lassen	210	122
Total	54,376	54,988

MEASURING LAND.—Almost every farmer has some way of measuring land, and the most common is to step off five paces for a rod, and call sixty by seventy-five yards an acre. For common purposes this mode will answer very well, but when the exact measurement of a piece of land is desired, it cannot be depended upon as being at all accurate.

When once a field has been measured correctly, a man knows exactly how much seed will be required to put it to grain, and also the exact yield per acre of any crop he may see fit to put upon it. A light pole just sixteen and a half feet long, is a cheap and convenient measure; but a four rod tape line is much better.

The Maryland Farmer gives the following table of distance by which an exact acre can be found:

2 yds wide by 968 yds long, contains 1 acre	
17 " " 484 " " " 1 acre	
25 " " 242 " " " 1 acre	
49 " " 121 " " " 1 acre	
89 " " 69 " " " 1 acre	
70 " " 99 " " " 1 acre	
220 feet " 198 feet " " 1 acre	
440 " " 99 " " " 1 acre	
110 " " 363 " " " 1 acre	
60 " " 726 " " " 1 acre	
120 " " 363 " " " 1 acre	
240 " " 171 " " " 1 acre	

SIZE OF NAILS.—The following table will show any one at a glance the length of the various sizes, and the number of nails in a pound. They are rated 3-penny up to 20-penny. The first column gives the number, the second the length in inches, and the third the number per pound—that is:

3-penny	1 inch	507	nails per pound
	14 inches	333	" "
	12 "	232	" "
	10 "	187	" "
	8 "	141	" "
	6 "	101	" "
	4 "	68	" "
	3 "	54	" "
	2 "	34	" "
Spikes	16 "	16	" "
	12 "	12	" "
	10 "	10	" "
	8 "	8	" "
	7 "	7	" "

From this table an exact and suitable sizes for any job can be made.

POPULATION OF JAPANESE  
Halleck, of the New York *Journal*, who has recently visited Japan, gives the population of the principal cities as follows:

Yokohama	600,000	Nagasaki
Osaka	250,000	Hiroshima
Kobe	200,000	Yokohama

HUMORS OF THE SOUTH  
A good illustration was given of Louisiana by a negro equality, as follows: God Almighty made de made de black man make em nuffin else. He roost on de fence, de ground. You mfence, and he get t wings but somehow get back on de fence on de fence and b dar. Now dat's man roost on de

Mosquitoes invariably p